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Barney the baron
and The happy man

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AND

"THE HAPPY MAN."

BY S. LOVER.



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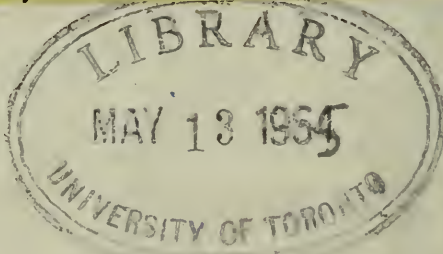
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- Cœur de Lion—oat—Rosina—ruiting Sergeant—e—He's Much to

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BARNEY THE BARON.

A FARCE, IN ONE ACT.



Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 8.]

BARNEY O'TOOLE (an itinerant
tinker from the Emerald Isle,
seeking his fortune) Mr. B. Williams.
AUGUSTUS Mr. Russell.
BLUFFENBERG Mr. Farren.
KARL Mr. J. O. Sefton.

BUTCHER	Mr. Leigh.
BAKER	Mr. Williams.
TAILOR	Mr. Evans.
LADY MARGARET	Miss O. Marshall.
EDITH	Miss Ida Vernon.
EMMA	Miss McCormick.

SCENE.—Germany. TIME.—One day.

No. 328, Dicks' Standard Plays.

C O S T U M E.

BARNEY.—Drab breeches, red vest, ragged frieze coat, gray stockings, brogans, hat without a crown.

AUGUSTUS.—Blue Hussar jacket, white trousers with stripe down sides, foraging cap.

BLUFFENBERG.—Black coat, small clothes, stockings, scarlet and black waistcoat, cocked hat.

KARL.—White waistcoat trimmed with blue, scarlet braces, plum-coloured plaited small clothes to the knee, the knee bare, striped blue stockings fastened below the knees with black garters, black shoes, buckles, drab hat.

LADY MARGARET.—Mourning dress.

EDITH.—Blue, yellow, and scarlet petticoat, white apron, black velvet bodice, black and scarlet striped stockings.

EMMA.—Red and white striped petticoat and bodice, blue and white apron, stomacher, black neckerchief, straw hat and cap.

S T A G E D I R E C T I O N S.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R

R.C.

C.

L.C.

L.

, The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

BARNEY THE BARON.

SCENE I.—A landscape (groove 5.) Wall across the stage. Gate c. Set castle on steps, R. 3. E.

Enter AUGUSTUS and SERVANT, L. U. E.

Ser. What shall I do with the horses, sir?

Aug. Take them to the next inn, there wait my orders. (*Exit Servant, L. U. E.*) How could I think of passing the home of my childhood? Ah! 'tis there; once happiness reigned within its walls. Far different now, possessed by a rapacious relative, enriched by my father's kindness, that parent, now no more, died while duty called me far from home. I would hear something of his dying hour, but how? Some one approaches.

Enter KARL from Castle gate.

Karl. Who is this, I wonder? what can he want? Sir, may I—eh! no, yes, it is, my honoured Captain.

Aug. What! Karl, is it you?

Karl. It is, my brave and generous commander, and happy am I to see you looking so well. Ah! sir, you recall happy times when I had the honour of fighting by your side, well do I remember when you mounted your warlike costume, when your lovely relation—

Aug. Peace, I pray you, Karl.

Karl. I understand you, times are altered, your cousin married to another against her will, your father dead, and the residence of your ancestors, the ancient castle of Blumenthal, possessed by a false friend, the Baron Amberg. But, sir, you look melancholy.

Aug. 'Tis no wonder, Karl. But tell me, how has fortune behaved to you?

Karl. Why, sir, as she does to most people, sometimes well, sometimes very ill. After many hard kicks I have at last become a porter to this castle, which berth I jumped into only three weeks ago.

Aug. What, employed by the Baron Amberg? that false—

Karl. Make yourself easy on that score, sir. The law laid its clutches on him several weeks ago, he is accused of many crimes, and the sooner they hang him the better, if that job isn't already finished.

Aug. I am astonished! but the castle and—

Karl. Ah! that's the cream of the joke. When the Baron Amberg was imprisoned, his creditors seized the castle and all belonging to it, and put it into a public lottery, about three weeks ago, and it fell a prize into—what do you think?

Aug. I can't guess.

Karl. Into the budget of an itinerant tinker, an Irishman, who was resolved, as he said, to try his luck with all he had scraped together, and a lucky attempt it has been for him.

Aug. Can it be possible! This venerable castle, this wide domain, so long the residence of nobles and heroes, has fallen into such hands?

Karl. Strange as it may seem, it is true. But if he is not a better man than its former possessor, it is very hard. However, my brave commander, since fortune has not given it to you, it might as well be his as any other's.

Aug. But your predecessor in office, Peter, the old porter, what has become of him?

Karl. Defunct, sir; he has changed his quarters, and I hope he is well billeted by this time. He was as deaf as a beetle, and I think the sound of a cannon at his ear would not cause him to wink.

Aug. If I mistake not I think he has some female relative.

Karl. You are right, sir. A niece, fresh as a rose, with a pair of eyes that would pierce the heart of any man, though it were made of iron.

Aug. Indeed! Then I suppose those sparklers, as you call them, have lighted up a flame in you that—

Karl. Yes, sir; but the worst of it is there is nothing to make the pot boil.

Aug. Didn't her uncle leave her anything to live on but love?

Karl. Nothing, sir, only something that would be a little harder to masticate.

Aug. And what may that be?

Karl. A large, old-fashioned key.

Aug. And what does it belong to?

Karl. That's a great mystery, for it won't fit a lock in the house. But here comes the merry Edith! what a pretty wife she'll make, quite a treasure.

Enter EDITH from Castle.

Edith. (c.) Well, Karl, I must say you are a lazy fellow. What in the name of fortune are you doing, when you know the new lord of the castle is expected every minute. If you don't get ready to welcome the new master in, whoever he may be, perhaps he may get ready to turn you out. But I should like to know who that fine gentleman is, Karl.

Karl. Why, do you forget, eh? that's the eldest son of your former master, the dear Baron, Captain Augustus Blumenthal.

Edith. No! is it possible! Well, for true and certain, so it is. How do you do, sir? I hope you are not offended at my not remembering you? Goodness me, I now think of the day when you went to the wars. I expected you would come home quite a fright, covered with scars, and bumps, and patches, but now I look at you I am really quite agreeably disappointed; you look very nice, indeed you do, sir.

Karl. How can you talk that way to the gentleman? You never say such things to me.

Edith. Be quiet, Karl. What a nice black mustache he has got.

Karl. What's that to you? what have you got to do with mustaches? for shame!

Aug. I am anxious to ask you some questions relative to what has passed since I left this, my native home.

Edith. Yes, sir; well you know when your father was pressed to pay his debts, the Baron Amberg said he would pay them for him.

Aug. Yes, provided the castle became his after my father's death.

Edith. That's true, sir, only one day your good father, the Baron, was going to pay him back his

money, and reclaim the castle and estate for his son.

Karl. Yes, sir; and you know you are your father's son.

Aug. But where did he get the money, that's the question.

Edith. That I can't tell, sir. However, he didn't pay it, and then they quarrelled, and your father died soon after, and the Baron Amberg was seen no more, and my uncle kept moving about growling like a bear.

Karl. Yes, and as deaf as a post.

Edith. A few weeks since he beckoned me to his bedside; the tears were in the old man's eyes, he pressed me to him and said: "Edith, this is your dowry," at the same time putting into my hand this old-fashioned, rusty key. He then gave a sigh, and then a moan, and never spoke another word.

Aug. There is some mystery connected with that key. The dying words of the old man, and my father's intention to gain back the castle and domains. It is strange! (Shouts L.) What does that mean?

Karl. The tenantry and tradesmen are approaching to welcome the new lord.

Aug. I wish to remain unknown to any of my father's former vassals. Karl, is it consistent with your duty to allow me to enter the residence of my ancestors?

Karl. With pleasure, honoured sir; you will find plenty of room to roam about in, but you will excuse me if I stay and welcome the new lord with the budget. It is a strange world, and a man must bend to fortune.

Aug. You are right, my friend, and reason like a philosopher.

Karl. But stay, sir, while you are roving about through the castle, suppose you take this old key with you, perhaps you may—

Aug. Well thought of—with all my heart, it may serve to kill an hour.

Edith. There, valiant captain, and remember, I consign my only fortune to your keeping.

Aug. I swear it is safe; farewell, they are here.

[Exit into castle.]

Enter BLUFFENBERG and VILLAGERS,
shouting, v. E. L.

Blu. (R.) That will do. I am glad to see you manifest such joy and gratification on the approach of our new lord, for I say, though he is what is vulgarly called a tinker, yet I say, he is our master, and as such, whether tinker or tailor, or even a rat-catcher, we are bound to receive him with all due honour. Master Karl, where are the keys of the castle?

Edith. I have them, Mr. Baillie Bluffenberg.

Blu. That's a good girl, now then all is right. Karl you may have the honour of joining our procession. I want to exercise our friends, a little, before the new Baron arrives. Edith, you must remain to look after the castle; let no one enter till I return. I have the keys.

Edith. But the doors are all open, Mr. Baillie.

Blu. Silence, girl, you know nothing of such matters; they are supposed to be shut till I return and present the keys. Forward friends.

[Exeunt R. v. E.]

Edith. So then, they have left me all alone. I have a great mind to go and have a little bit of gossip with the Captain, he is so much handsomer than Karl. To be sure, Karl is very decent, but the Captain, he—(Barney O'Toole sings outside.)

Who is this, I wonder? an odd sort of figure, to be sure; however, I had better go in.

Enter BARNEY O'TOOLE, L. 2. E. carrying budget.

Bar. Well, here I am at last, and the devil a soul do I see about the place. Och, long life to St. Patrick. Here's a bit of luck, Barney O'Toole, tinker, from the beautiful town of Clatterduffy, in ould Ireland, transmogrified into a lord, all through a bit of frolic when I was muhased—thats English for drunk. I put all my hard earnings into a lottery for a castle, faith it was a lucky job, for when I got drunk, I was only a poor Irish tinker on his peregrinations, and when I got sober I was a German Baron, and owner of this pile of stones, they call it a castle. Och, it's illigant. I'll have fun. I wonder if the maid servants are purty? It will sound mighty fine to be called a lord—Lord Barney from Clatterduffy. Considering that I'm a lord, I'm a mighty poor one at present, I'll sell a pig and a cow or two in the morning to raise the wind, for I might dauce a jig on my pockets without knocking my shins against a penny. So this is my castle and illigant lands.

Enter EDITH from Castle.

Edith. This castle! Why, who can that creature be?

Bar. This is one of the maids; faith she's purty enough to be Mrs. O'Toole. Are you one of my sarvants, my darlint! Come here, I want to ax you if I'm at home.

Edith. At home. Oh, dear! I—I—

Bar. She stares like a stuck pig.

Edith. I mean, sir, are you the new Baron, sir?

Bar. The what, honey?

Edith. The new lord.

Bar. Say that again, it tickles me.

Edith. Then you really are a lord?

Bar. Faith, I am, if the man at the lottery office hasn't tould me a lie; not you see that I'm a bit concised of the title, for to be a lord now-a-days is no great shakes. They say there are so many rotten sheep among them; but though I am a German Baron, I'm a native of ould Ireland, and that is as proud a title as they can give me.

Edith. I crave your lordship's pardon, but the vassals, with the baillie, have just gone out to meet you on the great road. I wonder you didn't see them.

Bar. Faith, I don't wonder at it, for myself came across the fields for the sake of a short cut, and it's mighty dry I am after walking. Maybe you have a drop of buttermilk in the big house.

Edith. My lord, the baillie will be here presently to present you with whatever you choose to order.

Bar. That's my darling. In what capacity do you serve my house?

Edith. I'm a niece to the late porter, and Karl, the new porter, is my sweetheart, if you please, sir.

Bar. The divil an objection do I make to it, my colleen. Plenty of catterwauling, I'll engage, going on in the ould castle. I wish you would show me the way to the larder; let me wash my face at the pump, before any of the boys see me, then escort me to the cellar, for I am both dry and hungry.

Edith. Oh, my lord! have you had nothing to eat to-day?

Bar. The divil a rap; all my appetite went for

the little drink, and poor stuff it is too. Auger beer, a man might swill a ton of it, and not get drunk or fat.

Edith. Lager beer, I suppose you mean, my lord?

Bar. I suppose it's Auger or Leather Beer, for it tasted like tan wather.

Edith. But you can't enter the castle, my lord, until the baillie arrives to present you with the keys.

Bar. And isn't the gates wide open?

Edith. But it's the custom, my lord.

Bar. To the devil with such customs. I wait for an ould bailiff? Faith, I never waited for one in my life. I always made great haste to get out of their way. Just help me to carry my budget into the castle, and then show me the pantry.

(Takes up budget.)

Edith. Well, as you order, I must obey; but the baillie will be vexed. However, the ceremony is sometimes performed in the haunted chamber.

Bar. The what!

Edith. A part of the castle, my lord, where a spirit all dressed in white is seen every night.

Bar. What, a ghost?

Edith. Yes, my lord. At midnight he walks about with a great chain dragging after him, nearly a quarter of a mile long.

Bar. Arrah, don't be humbugging us.

Edith. It is too true, my lord. They say he will never cease to haunt the castle till some one is bold enough to speak to him; so perhaps your lordship—

Bar. Thank you for the loan of your story, honey. Is it me speak to a ghost? No, I'm not curious that way. I haven't the least objection to encounter spirits, but as to a ghost—oh, be aisy.

(Shouts, L. H.)

Edith. Oh, my lord, yonder I see the villagers, headed by Mr. Baillie Bluffenberg.

Bar. Mr. who?

Edith. Baillie Bluffenberg.

Bar. Bluff—Bluff—that's a bothering name, but if I don't knock down his name I must try to stagger it.

Edith. If your lordship will have the goodness to remain here, I'll announce your arrival.

(Exit, R. U. E.)

Bar. My lordship. By St. Patrick, I believe it's dreaming I am; but as long as it's pleasant I don't care if I never wake. Och, murther, here comes two illigant ladies coming this way, getting out of a coach. Some of the lords' daughters hereabouts, I suppose, coming to ax me to take a snack wid them. Och, but they're beautiful; Barney, you devil, you were born under a lucky star, to have the darling women running after you, notwithstanding your disappointment wid ould Molly Mahony. There is no danger of my dying an ould maid after all.

Enter LADY MARGARET and EMMA, L. H.

Lady M. You have told the post-boy to wait, as I ordered?

Emma. I have, my lady.

Lady M. This, Emma, is the castle I have journeyed to purchase.

Emma. Surely, my lady, you do not intend to throw away your money in purchasing such a horrible old place as this?

Bar. (Aside.) They don't seem to think much of my bargain.

Emma. I tell you what, my lady, if I was in your

place, and I was a fine, dashing young widow, I'd lay out my money in a fine, handsome castle, and not such an old rat-trap as this.

Bar. (Aside.) I wish you was in it—call my castle an old rat-trap.

Lady M. No, Emma, as it is my intention to remain single, I would rather be the owner of that castle.

Bar. (R.) Savin' your presence, ma'am, but this castle is not to be sold. I wouldn't be after parting wid it for the biggest sum of money you could offer.

Lady M. Are you the new owner?

Bar. Faith, I am, my honey. *(Aside.)* Och, but she's an illigant cratur, intirely. She'd make a nice lump of a wife for my lordship. Maybe you'd step in, ladies, and take a rasher of bacon, and a pot of—of—bother that name—oh, leather beer.

Lady M. Sir, I accept your proffered kindness. I own it will afford me satisfaction to enter yonder mansion.

Edith. (Outside, R. U. E.) This way, this way!

Bar. Here comes all my sarvints, tinants, and the old Baillie Bluff—Bluffenberg, or whatever his name is.

(Shouts, music.)

Enter BAILLIE, EDITH, TENANTS, &c., &c., R. U. E.—BARBER with a wig on a pole. TAILOR with a coat on a pole, SHOEMAKER with boots on a pole, BUTCHER with a leg of mutton on a pole, and COOK with a ladle. All march around shouting.

Bar. Stop your noise! do you want to break the drums of my ears? all I can say is this, that you're as welcome as flowers in May. *(Shouts.)* And we will be as thick as thieves in a little time. *(Shouts.)* You are a fine set of chaps, so you are, and you will find my lordship as dacent a fellow as you would meet with from Bantry to the Bay of Biscay, and farther too. *(Shouts.)*

Blu. (L. Kneeling.) My lord, with all respect, I Baillie Bluffenberg, in accordance with the usage of the days of yore—

Bar. What days?

Blu. Days of yore.

Bar. What kind of days was them days?

Blu. Days of yore means days of old.

Bar. Well, why didn't you say so at first. Goon with the rest of your talk.

Blu. I here present your highness with the keys of your principality.

Bar. (Aside.) I'm bothered what to do here, but I suppose I must go down upon my marrow-bones too, *(Kneels and takes keys.)* Hark you, Mr. Bluffenberg, which is the key of the wine cellar? No matter, I'll find it out myself. But what are these things on the top of poles, eh, boys?

Blu. A small tribute of respect from the tradesmen in the village, specimens of their art, which they humbly beg your lordship to accept.

Bar. Faith, I have no objection in life, and I'll do as much for them when I raise the money.

Blu. (Taking wig from pole.) A wig, as a present to your highness.

Bar. What, must I have that stuck on the top of my pate? Faith, I have a good head of hair of my own, but since I am a lord I suppose I must, so here goes. *(Puts it on—all shout.)* But the devil a word can I hear, it covers my ears, old Blin-bag.

Blu. (Taking coat.) A specimen of the tailoring department for your lordship's inspection.

Bar. What the devil's this? A coat! faith it's a quare one, but tho' it's not much in my way, as my own is a little the worse for wear, I don't care if I do try it on. (*Puts on coat—all shout.*) There, I'll give you this as a keepsake. (*Throws old coat to tailor.*) Is there anything else? (*Bluffenberg points to boots on pole.*) I'll put them on when I get something to eat, for I'm half starved. (*Butcher comes forward with mutton, Barney snatches it from pole and throws it to servant, who exits, R.*) There, go put that into the pot to boil for supper. But I forgot to ax if there is any tinkers among ye, boys, eh?

Blu. No, my lord, they have all gone to a fair, some ten miles distant, and will not return to the village till to-morrow.

Bar. When they come back tell every mother's son of them to come up here and have an illigant blow out for the honour of the trade. And now, my lady, may I ax the honour of your lily-white hand, to show you my old castle. As for you, all of you may go into the kitchen and ate and drink till you're black in the face. Come, my lady.

(*Exeunt into Castle. Shouts and music. People divide R. and L. of Castle entrance by order of the Baillie. They bow Barney and Lady Margaret in, Emma, Edith, and Karl follow. All shout.*)

SCENE II.—An old-fashioned Room, (groove 2.)

Enter AUGUSTUS and KARL, L. H.

Aug. Yes, Karl, it was Providence that directed me to the dwelling of my ancestors. After trying this key in vain in the lock of every door, I remembered a secret panel, which hid from view an iron safe, and was fortunate enough to discover that this was the key of it. With anxiety I opened it—

Karl. I hope you found something good, sir?

Aug. I did, my friend. It contained a box filled with gold, together with this packet, the writing, the hand of my deceased father.

Karl. And what was the paper all about, sir?

Aug. You shall hear. (*Reads.*) "I regret my only child is not here to receive my latest blessing. My steward, the faithful uncle of Edith, will place in his hands this box, containing 400 florins, lately left me by will. It will enable him to buy the domains and castle of his ancestors, and may he be as happy as a fond father can wish."

Karl. Sir, I'm petrified with joy, and congratulate my commander on his lucky discovery.

Aug. Hear the rest. (*Reads.*) "I know my son will act with liberality to my servant Peter."

Karl. Oh, bless him! he must have been a good old gentleman. But as Peter happens to be dead, and nobody left, you know, sir, but his niece, my little sweet Edith, why—

Aug. I understand you, Karl, fear me not. You shall have such a marriage portion as shall make you happy for life.

Karl. Ten thousand thanks, my honoured sir; and in return I can only say that while life is mine, you may command its services.

Aug. One thing makes me uneasy, Karl, that is the uncertainty of being able to repurchase this, the home of my ancestors, from its new owner.

Karl. No fear in life, sir, leave that to me. I'll frighten him out of it. He seems a good-natured,

honest sort of fellow, for one of such low life, and like most natives of his country, brave, but fearfully superstitious. The idea of a haunted chamber being in the castle has made him half repent gaining such a prize, and if you only leave the matter to me, sir, in one week, or less, you'll find yourself the lord and master of the Castle of Blumenthal.

Aug. This is gratifying indeed, but how to accomplish it?

Karl. Hereafter you shall know all. But yonder comes Edith. Mmm's the word, sir. Wait for me in the orchard, and I'll soon join you.

Aug. I rely on you with hope, my honest Karl.

[*Exit R. H.*]

Enter EDITH, L., speaking.

Edith. If I can do anything more, my lady, you may command me. Well, I declare, Karl, she's a very nice lady, that's certain. But how do you like our new lord? isn't he a queer looking witch? Not but he is very good natured after all, but he is so unlike a baron. However, I suppose it's the custom of his country. I just left him this moment, looking at the swine feeding, and he says it's fine fun, and put his arm around my neck and gave me half a dozen kisses.

Karl. The devil he did! And how dare you tell me such a thing?

Edith. Oh, dear! Well, next time he does it I won't tell you; now are you pleased?

Karl. Pleased? No, I'm not pleased. (*Aside.*) But no matter, I'll be even with him. I'll frighten him out of the castle this very night, if any man can do it. Curse such fellows, kissing all the girls before him. But I'll be even with him.

Edith. Oh, here he comes, with Mr. Baillie Bluffenberg. Let's get out of the way.

[*Exeunt R. H.*]

Enter BLUFFENBERG, L., bowing in BARNEY.

Bar. Stop your bobbing. Arrah, man, don't be bowing to the likes of me. Faith, it's an illigant place, that's what it is. Myself is tired of looking at all the fine sights about the place. But Mr. Bluffenberg, you have not given me any cash yet. I haven't as much as would pay turnpike for a jackass.

Blu. Money, my lord! I have none, your highness.

Bar. You haven't? A purty tenant you are? Well, then, you must get me some.

Blu. If your lordship will inform me how.

Bar. Make the tenants fork out the rint beforehand, as the land agents do in Ireland, when the landlords, who live in England, are short of cash.

Blu. Rents, your highness, there are no rents attached to this domain.

Bar. The devil there isn't!

Blu. No, my lord, you have only the castle grounds, and title in an honorary way.

Bar. It's what I call a mighty humbugging way. It seems, after all, my prize was nothing but a swindle. I'll tell you what, Mr. Baillie thing-amy, money I must have. I counted about twenty illigant beds and bounsters up stairs. You know the one-half of them is more than enough, so just tumble out half a dozen of them and sell them, then let seven or eight of them fat pigs be sent to the fair to-morrow. I don't like pork, unless it's bacon hung up the chimney over the smoke of a good turf fire, when a body can cut off a rasher and clap it in the pan, then it eats

Christian-like, with some good mealy potatoes. Is supper a'most ready boys, eh?

Enter KARL, L. R.

Karl. It is, your highness.

Bar. Well, then, let there be something nice, plenty of tripe and onions, and liver and bacon, and cabbage, and a big bowl of praties.

Karl. While supper is getting ready, my lord, perhaps you would like to explore the haunted gallery?

Bar. Bad luck to you and the haunted gallery; don't speak of it any more; I'm sick of the whole place already; I wish somebody would buy it off my hands, and I'd open all the tinkers a shop with the money.

Karl. (Aside.) I'll soon accomplish that for you, on much lower terms than you expect.

Blu. It may be necessary to inform your highness of the facts connected with the fated haunted gallery. Every night dismal noises are heard, and it is supposed to be the guilty Baron Amberg, who walks about, in hopes of being spoken to.

Bar. By my soul, thin, he may walk till his brogues wear out, before he'll get me to talk to him a question. Divil take the day I came into this. Is the eating and drinking ready?

Karl. It is all ready, my lord.

EDITH, KARL, and SERVANTS bring in supper.
Table R.

Bar. That will do, my jewels. I hope it is good stuff. Wait till I have a taste. (*Lights covers from dishes—tastes everything.*) This is beautiful, but where is the praties? Why the divil don't you bring in the praties? (*All run off R. and bring in a dish of potatoes*) Bad luck to ye all, is this the way you murder the craturs, by peeling off the skins before their time? bad luck to you; take that, and that. (*Throws potatoes at them.*) Run, you devils, and send the beautiful lady here. Here, ould Bluffenbag, would you like a taste? Here, man alive, gobble that down, and this; never mind, fingers were made before forks, as the saying is.

Blu. Your lordship is kind. Was there ever such a host? But for fear of losing my place I must humour him.

Bar. Now, that you are sarved, you may be off. (*Bluffenberg going.*) Here, stop! what do you call this?

Blu. That is a beautiful dish of sourkrout.

Bar. Oh, big misfortune to me, you have poisoned me.

Blu. That is not poison, my lord, that is sourkrout.

Bar. Faith, it's sour enough. It looks like an ould blanket cut up into smithereens, and boiled in meal and water. Now, away wid you, and tell the cook to keep out of my way or I'll stuff your ould wig down her throat, and see how she'll like that for sourkrout—begone, ould cabbage head.

Blu. Yes, your highness. What a brute he is.

[*Exit R.*]

Bar. And mind about the pigs and feather beds. I won't get the last of them blankets out of my mouth for a month.

Enter KARL, R.

Karl. My lord, a strange young man has just stopped at the gate and begs admittance for the night.

Bar. Tell him to walk his bones in.

Karl. Yes, my lord. So far so good. [*Exit R.*]

Bar. I'll make that chap sleep in the next room to myself, and if the ould Baron should take it into his head to walk I'll bring my bed into his room.

Enter AUGUSTUS, R.

Aug. I trust, sir, you will excuse this visit from a stranger, who merely requests the favour of an accommodation for the night.

Bar. Don't say another word about it, honey. Sit down here and eat your fill. Do you like tripe and onions? or mutton, or liver, or bacon, or—no, I won't ask you to eat sourkrout, because I don't particularly fancy it myself.

Aug. Sir, I—I—I—

Bar. Arrah, man alive, sit still and take pot-luck. Sure, we'll have a nice lady here in a minnte.

Aug. A lady!

Bar. Eh, that makes you cock your eye, does it? Och, snre, you're just the boy after my own heart. The tinkers bates the world for running after the girls. Here comes the creature, now stick your best leg foremost.

Enter LADY MARGARET, L.

Lady M. Sir, I fear this intrusion—Heavens!

Aug. Can I believe my senses?

Bar. What the devil ails them?

Lady M. Is it possible, my Augustus!

Aug. (Embraces her.) Margaret, rapture! transport!

Bar. Beautiful! Come and eat your supper, then make as much love as you plaze. Now, ma'am eat your supper, it will do you good after that squeeze you got.

(*Helps her profusely.—Carves awkwardly, &c.*)

Lady M. May I ask if chance alone has brought you here, Augustus?

Aug. Partly so. But why do you wear those emblems of sorrow?

Lady M. My husband is dead.

Aug. (Jumping up.) Dead! Are you then free! (*Dances.*)

Bar. That chap's mad. Arrah, man, can't you take it aisy? if it plazes the lady as well, for I see by the corners of her eye that she has no objection in life to you, and if you are apt to go on in that way, jumping about. I think the sooner the lady takes you to herself, to quiet you, the better.

Aug. You must be very happy, sir, in the enjoyment of such a fine residence as this?

Bar. To be sure I am, happy as a pig in a puddle. Isn't it an illigant place. I wouldn't sell it this minute, for he who buys it must have a long purse, for I tould her ladyship I wouldn't let her have it for four millions of florins, as they call them in these outlandish parts.

Lady M. I fear, then, on such terms, it will long continue yours.

Bar. Well, I can't help that, honey; I have no rint to pay, nor am I in any danger that black-guard tax-man will sell my cows for taxes.

Aug. With thanks for your kind hospitality, I beg to retire for the night. This lady must want repose, and I propose to depart at the dawn of day.

Lady M. So soon, Augustus?

Bar. Oh, never mind what he says, ma'am, he's only joking. We'll meet at breakfast, in the morning, and ate a few butter rolls and some boiled praties, with the skins on them, and a part

of a strabont to give our appetites a whet. I'll take care of the natives this time, I'll boil them myself.

Aug. Should you not be disposed to depart early. I will wait with pleasure, in the morning; till then, wishing you a happy repose, farewell.

Lady M. Good night. (*Augustus leads her to L.H., kisses her hand.*)

[*Exit Lady Margaret, L.*]

Bar. What a nice crature. Good night, ma'am, pleasant dreams to you, ma'am. Faith, it's myself that wishes I was in Murphy's arms, for I'm tired of eating and drinking. I say, remember you sleep in the next room to me. If you hear a noise in the night don't be afraid to call out, not that I think you will. There's a candle, and that's the way to your room. (*Pointing L.*) So banuah luthcy, as we say in Ireland.

Aug. Good night, and should we not meet again, with thanks for your kind reception, farewell.

[*Exit L.*]

Bar. That's a pleasant sort of a fellow. Faith, this is better than being a tinker. (*He has been drinking during the above, and is now drunk.*) I'll just take another drop for fear I'll be dry in the morning. (*Drinks, then takes bottle, candle, &c.*) I'll go to bed now, for fear of meeting that ould dead baron. I'll take these with me to keep me company.

[*Drunken business, and exit, R. H.*]

SCENE III.—Gothic Chamber, (groove 5.) Door c. Bed with curtains L. Night-cap and long night-gown on bed. Chairs R. and L. Table side of bed. Lights half up.

Enter BARNEY, c., with bottle, &c.

Bar. My blackguards of sarvints is all gone to bed I suppose, without my leave. But I suppose it's the fashion in this foreign country. This is the devil's own place. I don't like the looks of it, but I'll cover my head with the blankets when I go to bed, and take the bottle with me to kill fear. (*Sees night-cap.*) What the devil's that? Och, it's a bag to put my head in, for fear I'd catch cold. Ould Blue-bag is mighty careful of me; the devil fire him with his sour stuff. A whole regiment of living sojers couldn't frighten me now, but I can't say so much for my bravery with the dead ones. I'll sleep in my clothes and be ready for a race with the ghost. (*Looks under the bed.*) Before I go to bed, I want to see if there's no robbers in the house. Now I'll put out the light. (*Goes to bed. Groan heard c.*) What's that? (*Noise of chains, c.*) I'm afraid to come out. (*Door c. opens and discovers Karl with gown and night-cap on, and long chains. Blue fire.*) Oh! the blessed St. Patrick, it's a ghost! (*Falls out of bed, drags bedclothes after him, and upsets table.*) Oh, give me time to repent, Mr. Ghost. (*Karl groans and rattles chains.*) No, I won't drink any more, (*Groan.*) or run after the girls any more. (*Groan.*) Oh, Mr. Ghost, take me down aisy, and don't send me down with brimstone and fire. (*Groan.*)

Karl. Once more I take my earthly walk; 'tis as cold as ice.

Bar. I'm thinking you come from a pretty warm spot for all that.

Karl. The new lord has not entered this apartment yet.

Bar. I wish I had never put my foot in it.

Karl. Soon will he retire to rest.

Bar. I wish you would retire to rest.

Karl. Then woe is his lot.

Bar. Oh, what will become of me, at all, at all.

Karl. I await his coming.

Bar. You needn't trouble yourself to wait, you may go. I wonder if he is going to drink my wine? he must be dry, he comes from a hot country.

Karl. I will then seize the wretched villain and seal his doom.

(*Noise, L.*)

Bar. Arrah, what will become of me?

Karl. Hark! the cock crows, 'tis time for me to leave.

Bar. Bad luck to the ould rooster, why didn't he crow before?

Karl. He comes not.

Bar. He doesn't know I hear. He can't see, the fire down below has scorched his eyes.

Karl. To-morrow night I'll come again.

Bar. I'll be d—d if you'll find me here to-morrow night, nor to-morrow morning, either.

Karl. Till then, he lives.

Bar. Thank you, for the loan of your tea-pot.

[*Exit Karl, c. rattling chains.*]

Bar. Here! Karl, Bluffenberg, everybody!

Enter AUGUSTUS, EDITH, LADY MARGARET, and SERVANTS, c., with lights.

All. What's the matter?

Bar. What's the matter! Plenty is the matter. The devil has been here to pay me an evening visit.

All. My lord!

Bar. Don't lord me any more. I'm no lord or baron, but plain Barney O'Toole, from Clatter-duff, and a tinker by trade, and if your ladyship has a mind to buy this castle and all that belongs to it, it is yours without another word.

(*Throws bed-clothes on bed.*)

Lady M. Agreed! at a fair valuation it is mine.

Edith. But won't you stop another night or two?

Bar. No, I have no ambition to encounter another—

KARL enters c., and comes down on R. of BARNEY.

Karl. Ghost, you would say, my lord.

Bar. Oh, murder, was you the ghost? Oh, you thief of the world to frighten the life out of me.

(*Karl retreats to R. corner.*)

Aug. Pardon a worthy servant, whose only object was to make others happy. You have pledged your word to resign this, the residence of my forefathers. You shall be paid the sum you may demand.

Bar. Give me your fist. I have pledged my word, and I won't break it, if I can make two living couples happy. There, take my blessing, and get married as fast as you can.

Edith. And, if you please, I should like to get married to—to—Karl.

Bar. Oh, with all my heart, the more the merrier, and the only satisfaction I ax from that fellow in the corner there is, that he shall take you to church in the morning. Only, I say, honey, take care he don't play the ghost again. Now you are all satisfied, and nothing more is wanting but the applause of our friends to welcome

BARNEY THE BARON.

CURTAIN.

THE HAPPY MAN.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA, IN ONE ACT.

BY S. LOVER, ESQ.



Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 4.]

RAM RUSTI (the Resolute.)	... Mr. O. Smith.	FIRST BEARER.
FOXI FUM (the Crafty)	... Mr. Strickland.	SECOND BEARER
SKI-HI (the Star-gazer)	... Mr. Gough.		
PADDY MURPHY	... Mr. Power.	KO-KET (the Man Catcher)	... Miss Mordaunt.
RUN-PHASTER (the Active)	... Mr. Clark.	SING SMAHL (the Subdued)	... Miss Grove.

C O S T U M E.

RAM RUSTI.—Yellow damask robe, richly trimmed; white figured tissue shirt; crimson satin trousers; yellow morocco boots; long red scarf, and green velvet turban, trimmed with gold lace.

FOX-FUM.—Lavender colour Turkish robe, richly trimmed; yellow satin Turkish trousers; long blue and white scarf; flesh legs, and scarlet turban.

SKI HI.—Black gabardine, trimmed with hieroglyphics; brown satin skirt; scarlet sleeves, trimmed with gold lace; green cotton skirt; brown satin Turkish trousers; yellow boots, and beehive cap.

PADDY MURPHY.—Military coat; white drill trousers; blue and white Guernsey shirt; cap; black cloth gaiters; and a shirt front with a frill.

RUN PHASTER.—Blue Turkish robe, trimmed with gold; white trousers; blue and white scarf; buff shoes; Chinese cap, with long tail.

KOE-KET.—White leno Eastern dress, trimmed with flowers and silver; scarlet gauze scarf; trousers, and hair turned back with jewels.

SING SMAHL.—White Eastern dress, trimmed with silver lama; yellow silk robe trousers, trimmed with silver, and hair turned back with jewels.

S T A G E D I R E C T I O N S.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.

RC.

C.

LC.

L.

. *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

THE HAPPY MAN.

SCENE I.—*Audience Hall of the Rajah, Ram Rusti.—Music.*

Enter, 1 E. R. H., RUN-PHASTER at the head of the attendants of FOXI-FUM, SKI-HI, FOXI-FUM, and his daughter, PRINCESS KO-KET.

Ko-K. My father, whence this cloud upon your brow? Why droops your head?

Fox. Because the weight of empire is upon it. Ram Rusti has made me his vizier.

Ko-K. But why? You are a prince yourself, and too high for the office of a servant.

Fox. But none is left about the court fit for the office but myself—they are all beheaded. A sudden melancholy on the Rajah seizes; he calls himself most miserable, and swears it is the business of his vizier to make him happy.

Ko-K. Pooh! Nonsense!

Fox. Ay; but if the vizier fails, the Rajah knocks off his head! You won't say pooh! nonsense! to that. All share in his vengeance—physicians, cooks, and grand viziers. 'Twas but this morning Fum Fuzzle lost his head.

Ko-K. O, dreadful!

Fox. 'Tis certain some demon has possessed him; and the influence of the stars alone can avert this calamity. The Moonshree, Ski-hi, and I have discovered the cure for the Rajah's malady, if he will only have patience for its accomplishment. We wait his presence here. *(Trumpets.)* He comes! *(Music.)*

Enter, 1 E. R. H., the RAJAH RAM RUSTI and his court. All present make low salaams.

Omnes. Hail, great Ram Rusti!

Fox. May your highness live forever.

Ram. May your tongue be blistered for that wish. Why should I live beneath a load of misery?

Fox. Happy days are yet in store for your sublime highness.

Ram. But why should they be in store, when I want them for present use? See that you procure them instantly, or the fate of Fum Fuzzle awaits thee. Is that blockhead dead?

Fox. He died at sunrise.

Ram. May all such blockheads' heads be on the block.

Fox. Sublime mightiness, I and Ski-Hi have consulted the stars, and the stars have spoken.

Ram. Have they spoken plain?

Fox. No; but they "lisped in numbers."

Ram. And what have you gathered from their imperfect sentences?

Fox. Tenses, you mean, your highness.

Ram. Well, tenses.

Fox. The stars speak not in the imperfect, but the future tense.

Ram. Well, future.

Fox. They say your highness wants a shirt.

Ram. They lie! I have a dozen.

Fox. But in that dozen, not the one you want. Thus spake the stars:—

"To cure great Ram Rusti, there is but one plan: It is wearing the shirt of the happy man."

Ram. And will no happy man lend his master a shirt? There must be some happy man in my dominions.

Fox. *(Aside.)* Not while you are on the throne.

Ram. Speak. Is there no happy man?

Fox. Sublime highness, the man of whom the stars have spoken must not only be happy, but must never have been anything else—always happy.

Ram. Then the stars are humbogs! There is no such thing!

Fox. Be not too hasty, your highness. Let us seek for this happy man.

Ram. I say he exists not on the earth.

Fox. But he may on the sea!

Ram. And am I to wait for time and tide? They wait for no man, and I'll not wait for them; therefore, hear my decree. The happy man must be found within three days, or you die.

Fox. Die!

Ram. Ay! you and the Moonshree.

Moo. My stars!

Ram. Ay! See that your stars do help you. Since your knowledge plucked this wondrous secret from them, let your knowledge find the cure they promise. Produce this happy man within three days, or die.

Fox. O, mightiness! *(Kneels.)*

Ram. 'Tis said! Let all rewards be offered. He shall be honoured whose shirt procures my cure; but in three days he must be found, or death be on your heads.

(Music. Exit Ram Rusti and court, 1 E. R. H. Foxi-Fum, Ski-Hi, Ko-Ket, and their attendants remain.)

Ko-K. *(Rushes to Foxi-Fum's arms.)* O, my father! my trembling heart!

Fox. And my trembling head!

Ko-K. What's to be done?

Fox. I tell you what must be done—a happy man—we must make a happyman.

Ko-K. But how?

Fox. 'Tis in your power.

Ko-K. Nay, father; our province is to make men wretched.

Fox. Poor child, she remembers what I used to say to her mother. But Ko-Ket, you can do this, and by means of the great Khan Rum Jum.

Ko-K. The wretch! Name him not!

Fox. Rum Jum swore that if you married him, you'd make him a happy man. Now go! Make him a happy man, and while he is happy, bring him here, and his shirt will cover your father with protection.

Ko-K. O, horror! Besides, the sacrifice would be useless. Rum Jum is not always happy.

Fox. He is, I assure you.

Ko-K. No; he's always drunk.

Fox. And, therefore, happy. All he wants is you to complete his bliss.

Ko-K. The wretch! I hate him!

Fox. I know you do; but don't you love your poor father, the author of your being? Wouldn't it be a pity that the author of so charming a production should lose his head?

Ko-K. Well, that's very prettily said, indeed; and if Rum Jum wasn't such a wretch—

Foz. My head.

Ko-K. To linger out one's life—

Foz. 'Tis worse to have it shortened.

Ko-K. I'll do it. Rum Jum, I'm yours.

Foz. And my head's my own. Lose no time. Bring in the palanquin. (*Attendants bring in palanquin, 2 E. L. H.*) Here, Run-Phaster, take charge of the princess—bear her to the court of Rum Jum. Let them be married forthwith; and while he is a happy man bear him hither.—(*Aside to Run-Phaster.*) Lose no time; for there is no knowing how long he may be a happy man. Quick, despatch, away. (*Hands her to palanquin.*) Bless you, my child!

Ko-K. Father, farewell. Nothing but your head could break my heart.

Foz. (R.) What a very hard head I must have!

(*Music. Exit Omnes, bearing off Ko-Ket in Palanquin, 2 E. L. H.*)

SCENE. II.—*An Open Scene in India. The ruins of a Hindoo temple; a broken fountain beside some palm trees; Paddy Murphy discovered washing a small front of a shirt and a frill in the stream; his dress is rather tattered, and it must be apparent that he has no shirt; his musket and a drum lie beside a fallen column.*

Pat. Well, clane linen is comfortable; and though it's little I have, yet, for the honour o' the service, I like to make it look as respectable as I can. That'll do. You may hang on that bank to dhry, and I won't have to pay my washerwoman—that's one comfort. (*Hangs up the bit of linen, and comes forward.*) It's a hard thing that an Irishman, whose native land is the land of linen, should want a shirt; but that's the fate o' war. My ducks, too, they are none o' the newest—that's more o' the fate o' war; but I'll give the ducks a swim, by-and-by, to refresh them—but now to rest myself a thrifle. (*Sits down on his drum.*) And to cogitate on human events. Paddy Murphy, your sowl, where will you go next? I've been thravelling these five days, and dunna where. I'm worse off than a cannon ball, for that always gets a direction; but the devil a direction I got when I set out on my thravels. Well, I'm the more like a great navigator; and who knows but in the course o' my thravels I might make some grand discovery, and give Columbus the go-by. As for Columbus, who cares about him? He discovered Amerikay, to be sure; but the devil a much credit he got by that! I wouldn't give any man thanks for discoverin' Amerikay; for it's so big that someone must have discovered it one day or other; so Columbus was no janius. Well, now to my toilet. I'd rather go without a shirt, if I had a choice; "for it's pleasant and cool, says Bryan O'Lyn;" but the honour o' the service must be looked to. (*Takes down his tucker, and dresses himself.*) It's a part o' the art o' war to make deceptive demonstrations. Now, when I button up my jacket, who the devil could tell I hadn't a shirt? (*Shouts of alarm.*) What's that? (*Looks out.*) A parcel of black blackguards running as if the devil was after them. (*Run-Phaster and the attendants of the Princess Ko-Ket run across the stage, 2 E. L. to R. H., shouting, "The tiger! the tiger!" Some bear a palanquin on the stage, and, laying it down, desert it; a scream from the palanquin; Pat takes up his musket, and, standing between the palanquin and the approach of the tiger, fires with a deliberate aim.*)

Hurroo! You're dead, my buck! Ha! there's the last kick out o' you. Now, let me comfort the poor darlin' that's left dyin' in this little gazebo, all by herself. (*Opens curtains of palanquin, and discovers Princess Ko-Ket fainting.*) O, the darlin'! O, the nose of her!—and the hair of her!—and the lips of her! I must revive the jewel with a dhrop o' wather. (*Takes his cup, and runs towards fountain, but turns back, and kisses Ko-Ket, who revives.*) That refreshed her! That was better than wather for both of us! (*Lifts her out of palanquin, and carries her forward in his arms.*)

Ko-K. Where am I?

(*Reverting, and not seeing Pat.*)

Pat. The darlin'!

Ko-K. Where is the monster?

Pat. (*Throwing himself on his knees.*) I'm at your service.

Ko-K. What is this? Is it a dream?

Pat. If it is, don't waken me for a month!

(*Aside.*) Tare an owns! What eyes she's got!

Ko-K. But the tiger—

Pat. Is as dead as a door nail.

Ko-K. Dead! Who killed him? (*Excited.*)

Pat. 'Twas I, miss. I hope you're not angry.

Ko-K. Angry! no. You have saved my life.

Pat. By my sowl, then, it's the first thing I ever saved.

Ko-K. But are you sure the tiger is dead?

Pat. (*Pointing off the stage.*) Look there. Look at him, with more stripes on him than a sergeant.

Ko-K. The horrid monster! I had given myself up for lost.

Pat. Then give yourself up, now that you're found. Isn't it myself that would be happy if you'd only—(*Aside.*) O, by this and by that my heart's gone! O, Paddy Murphy! and is that what you've come to? Have I passed the perils of polite society to be ravished in the desert? O, darlin'! you wor— My heart is your own.

Ko-K. Generous stranger, thanks for your gallant service. Pardon me, if in my fear, I have exposed my face to the eye of man.

Pat. O, make no apologies for your face!

Ko-K. (*Drawing her veil.*) I must now call my attendants.

Pat. Then, upon my word, miss, you must have a very fine voice if they hear you.

Ko-K. Have they deserted me, then?

Pat. Faith, they're a mile and a half out o' this, by this time. The blackguards, to lave a lady and a tiger to dine by themselves.

Ko-K. How merrily you joke on so serious an affair!

Pat. That's the beauty of the thing. Any fool can joke on a funny affair, but the fun of it is, to joke on a serious affair!

Ko-K. You're a merry creature.

Pat. And always was. I never saw the day when I wasn't merry. I've been hungry, and contented myself with singin', "O, the roast beef of old England." I've been thirsty "By the banks of the sweet-flowing Liffey," and marched to the forlorn hope, singin', "Hope told a flattering tale."

Ko-K. (*Aside.*) He's a charming fellow. He's a much nicer man than Rum Jum.

Pat. And now, don't you think that a thrifle of something would refresh you after your fright? I'll give you something to ate; and it's safer to dine with me than a tiger, I can tell you.

Ko-K. But I see nothing here promising food but the date trees, and I don't like dates.

Pat. I never knew a lady that did like dates, particularly if they were owld dates; but I can refer you to something better than dates.

Ko-K. Where?

Pat. Here. (*Brings forward a side drum.*)

Ko-K. Why, 'tis only a drum. A drum is empty.

Pat. Ay, your common fellows' dhurms; but I'm a janius. Did you never hear of a dhrumadary that can carry a power? Well, mine is of that family. It sarves for a musical instrument in the first place, and a sort of travelling thrunk at the same time. (*Throws out clothes.*) A flying cook's shop, (*takes out biscuits,*) or ambulatory reflectory—an overground cellar. (*Takes out bottle.*) In short, as you perceive, my darlin', my dhrum is like Easter—a sort of movable feast; then, when you've emptied it, turn him up, and you make a seat of him! There, my darlin', sit down on that. (*She sits on drum.*) Now, then, I'll feed you, my little beauty. (*He gives her some food.*) Now for a dhrup o' something. (*Hands a bottle.*) You'll excuse me not having a glass, but I never want one myself, for my mouth holds a glass exactly. May be, miss, you'd take the measure of your own?

Ko-K. (*Pushing away the bottle.*) I never take wine.

Pat. Faith, nor I either. I admire your taste, but thry that.

Ko-K. (*Tastes and coughs.*) Oh, that's so strong!

Pat. Faith, it requires to be strong, for the soldiers is always attacking it. Here's to our better acquaintance, miss. Throth, I'm adoring you, so I am.

Ko-K. (*Aside.*) He's a much nicer man than Rum Jum; and a British officer, too. (*To Pat.*) How did you chance to come here?

Pat. I'll tell you, then. We were ordered to cross a river at night, and surprise an outpost of the enemy; and to prevent our boys being too ready with their firelocks, and so give an alarm, we were ordered to dhrav the charges out of our guns. Now, I forgot to draw my charge, you see; and as we crossed the river, and got undher the batteries, my commandin'-officer says me, "Pat," says he. "Sir," says I. "You're sure you've no charge in your gun?" says he. "I'll thry, sir," says I; and with that I ups with my firelock and pulls the thrigger, and off it wint. "Bad luck to you!" says he; "I'll have you up to a coort martial for that." But the words wasn't out of his mouth till the enemy's guns opened on us, and knocked the shot about our heads like hail; but we leathered them for all that! Now, when the fun was all over, I did not see any use in goin' back to the coort martial, for there's no fun in that; so I determined to make a start of it, and seek my fortune up the counthry here. But I lost my knapsack in the scrimmage, you see, and so I took the loan of a few biscuits from some o' the boys that had thryr bread baked that day in the fight, and this dhrum from a dead dhrummer, and cut the head out of it; and a mighty purty knapsack it makes, you parsave, as well as a musical instrumment, and a sate for you, queen o' my sowl!

Ko-K. (*Aside.*) What a delightful creature!

Pat. By the powers! This minit I'm the happiest man in the world!

Ko-K. The what?

Pat. The happiest man in the world!

Ko-K. (*Aside.*) Then he can save my father's life. (*To Pat.*) O, noble stranger!

Pat. Eh?

Ko-K. Would you come with me?

Pat. Come with you? Sure I would; and go with you! and die with you. But, by my sowl, I'd rather live with you first.

Ko-K. (*Aside.*) The dear fellow! Oh, he's a much nicer man than Rum Jum.

Pat. And if you'd only consent to be Mrs. Murphy.

Ko-K. Oh, if you'll only come to my father!

Pat. Oh, never mind your father!

Ko-K. Oh, but my father's head!

Pat. Oh, but what is his head to my heart? O, my jewel! Listen to your Paddy Murphy. Here you are sitting on the head of my dhrum, and your own soldier courtin' beside you. In fact, it's a dhrum-head coort martial; and the pleasantest that ever was sat upon.

Ko-K. But first come to my father. He will lead you with honours. (*Rises.*) Where's my train?

Pat. Here it is, behind you, miss. (*Points to her dress.*) Hillo! (*Looks out.*) What black thieves are these crawling like beetles through the bushes? Sharp's the word in an enemy's country! Come behind these ruins with me, my jewel, and I'll reconnoitre them. Don't be afeard, darlin'; I'd sell my life for you!

[*Exit Pat and Ko-Ket into temple, U. E. L. H.*]

Enter RUN-PHASTER and the BEARERS of KO-KET, 2 E. R. H., cautiously. Run-Phaster stops short and points.

Run. There!

1st Bea. What?

Run. The tiger!

Omnes. Ha!

(*They are all running away, 2 E. R. H., till Run-Phaster calls.*)

Run. Stop! He's dead.

Omnes. (*Returning.*) Oh!

Run. (*Perceiving the palanquin empty.*) Horror! Behold, the palanquin is empty!

1st Bea. Dust and ashes on our heads. The princess is lost.

Run. How shall we dare to return to his highness, her father?

1st Bea. Better never return. Rather fly the country, and cross over into the adjoining territory.

Run. But there another danger awaits us. The English troops are at war with the Nawaub, and we may fall into their hands. (*The roll of drum is heard outside.*) Hark! I fear we are in danger.

Pat. (*Without, U. E. L. H.*) First division, advance; second division, take them in flank.

(*A shot and roll of a drum, U. E. L. H.—Indians fall down.*)

Run. Ah! We're in the hands of the enemy!

Pat. (*Outside.*) Charge!

(*Rushes on the stage, U. E. L. H., with his drum slung at his side, and his musket in his hand. Run-Phaster and the bearers lie flat, with their faces to the ground.*)

Run. Mercy! mercy!

Pat. Do you surrender? (*Beats his drum.*)

Run. At discretion.

Pat. Divil a much you have of it. Who are you at all? (*Beats his drum.*)

Run. The bearers of the palanquin that—

Pat. Oh, you're the donkeys that were drawing the young lady's po'shay! Are you? You may get up then.

Run. Yes; we are the unfortunate servants of her highness, the princess. (*They all rise.*)

Pat. The what?

Run. The princess.

Pat. Was it a princess that was in that?
(Pointing to palanquin.)

Run. Yes.

Pat. (Dancing round the stage.) Tow, row, row, didherow. Who! Murphy, your sowl, your fortune's made—(To attendants.) You ought to blush if you were able, you black thieves, for deserting that lovely creature! Purty bearers you are. Faith, you may be pall bearers now, for she is dead. 'Twill be a saving to you that your faces are in ready-made mourning already.

Run. Dead!

(Ko-Ket peeps from the ruins, U. E. L. H.)

Pat. As a herrin'. The tiger ate her. I saw him pick her bones.

Run. That cannot be. The tiger is dead.
(Pointing out.)

Pat. To be sure he's dead. Do you think he could survive such an act of cruelty? He died under the combined influence of grief and indigestion.

Run. Then the princess—

Pat. Come here. Are you in airnest? Is she a rale princess?

Run. The most illustrious—

Pat. Tow, row, row, didherow. (Dances about.)
1st. Bea. He's mad.

Pat. Am I mad? By my sowl, then, I don't envy any man that's in his senses. Hurroo!

Enter KO-KET, laughing, from temple, U. E. L. H.
The Bearers fall on their knees, and make obeisance.

Run. Her highness lives! Allah il Allah!

Pat. O, my jewel!

(Going to embrace her, Run-Phaster interposes, drawing his sword.)

Run. Awaunt!

Ko-K. (Interposing.) Hold! He is my protector, my champion, my lord.

(Yields herself to Pat's arms.)

Pat. (Kisses her.) Do you see that, you spalpeen?

Ko-K. He will relieve the kingdom's difficulties. He is the HAPPY MAN!

Omnes. The happy man! (They kneel.)

Pat. What a miserable counthry this must be, when a happy man is such a wondher in it!

Ko-K. Let us onward to the palace of my father.

Pat. To be sure. Onward to the palace of my father-in-law. (Hands Ko-Ket to the palanquin.) And don't be afraid if you meet another tiger; for the devil a tiger, or other foreign barbarian, but will fly at the first tap of the British dhrum!

SONG,

ACCOMPANIED BY HIMSELF ON THE DRUM.

I come from the land of the Pats and Pittaytees,
Tidherytidheryt, tow, row, row;
Where we're fond of good things, and of coorse love
the Indics;
Tid., &c.

But I was unlike every boy of my nation,
Resisting forever love's fatal temptation,
In the noise of the dhrum dhrowning love's botheration.
Tid., &c., tow, row, row.

Till one day I discovered a lady like Venus;
Tid., &c.

Her eyes like the stars in King Charles's Wain is;
Tid., &c.

On the head of my dhrum down she sat on a large
hill,
And I courted her there, till she rowed she was par-
tial.
Can I ever forget that sweet dhrum-head court mar-
tial?

Tid., &c. row, row, row.

Then come with your sojer, my own little charmer;
Tid., &c.

To keep us from sorrow, good humor's the armor;
Tid., &c.

Though poor, I am merry; I never look glum;
We shall never want bread, if with me you will come!
When you're hungry, I'll give you fresh rolls on my
dhrum!

Tid., &c.

(Exit Omnes, U. E. R. H., making a circuit of the stage, and retiring behind the temple; Pat marching before the palanquin to the symphony of the song, beating the drum.)

SCENE III.—The Court of Ram Rusti, as before.

The RAJAH enters, in a melancholy attitude, R. H. 1
E., surrounded by slaves fanning him. His favourite
SULTANA, FOXI-FUM, and SKI-HI are among
his train.

Ram. Still overshadowed by the clouds of despair,
still on the rack of suspended hope.

Fox. (Aside.) Would it were suspended anima-
tion.

Ski-Hi. Alas! my lord! Will not your highness
await the expiration of the third day? My lord
shall have his shirt.

Ram. Can your learning tell me, Moonshee,
whether this promised shirt is one of gorgeous
pattern or primeval simplicity? Answer quickly.
My temper is ruffled.

Ski. So is the shirt, your highness.

Sul. Would that I could smooth the ruffles
from your highness's temper.

Ram. O, all the ills of humanity make a point to
stick in my poor gizzard!

Sul. Would that my tears—

Ram. I have torrents of my own.

(Shouts outside, U. H., "The happy
man, the happy man.")

Fox. Hark! your highness. (Shouts continue.)

Ram. Can I trust my ravished senses? The
happy man! Give him entrance! Let me em-
brace him!

(Rushes to meet the happy man.)

Enter PRINCESS KO-KET, followed by PAT and
crowd, U. E. L. H. Rajah starts. Ko-Ket rushes in
Rajah's arms.

Ram. Bishmilla! Is this the happy man?

Ko-K. No, your highness. This is the happy
man! (Points to Pat.)

Pat. I'm happy to see your honour.

Ko-K. (Kneels.) Sublime highness, he is the
happy man.

Ram. I will prove if he's impervious to dismay.
Stranger!

Pat. Anan!

Ram. You shall be married.

Pat. Thank your honour. Ha, ha! that's
settled.

Ram. Wondrous! The prospect of a wife dis-
may him not; but I'll test him deeper. Bring
forth the executioner!

Ko-K. (Kneels.) The executioner! O, spare him! if not for my sake, for your own! He is, indeed, the happy man!

Pat. To be sure I am, when a darlin like you plades for me.

Ko-K. Believe me, your highness.

Ram. I shall judge for myself.

(Ko-Ket retires, and seats herself on the divan in centre.)

Pat. (Aside.) If they're going to kill me, I'll die game for the honour of the cloth, any how!

Ram. It is the custom of our country to put to death every wanderer who dares to cross its border.

Pat. Then, all I have to say is, it's a bad country; and though it's bad enough in the middle, it is worse on the border, it seems.

Ram. Dare you call this a bad country?

Pat. Why, you call it bad yourselves. There's Allahabad, and Farruckabad, and Astrabad, and Firoozabad, and Hydrabad, and Khorumbad, and Futtabad, and Tuckabad; and if that isn't a bad lot, I don't know what is.

Ram. That is but in the name.

Pat. And what worse could a country have than a bad name?

Ram. You strangers invade us to rob our land of its riches.

Pat. There you're out agin. The devil a poorer place I ever was in.

Ram. Poor!

Pat. Why, don't you call it poor yourselves? Isn't there Burhampoor, and Ballapoor, and Ichapoor, and Serapoor, and Bagpoor, and Rampoor, and Dampoor? and how can a country be rich with so many poor places.

Ram. Well, be the country bad or poor, you die!

Pat. 'Twill be neither richer nor better for that. Besides, it's against your own interest to kill accomplished strangers, who could put the French polish on your mahogany population; and, moreover, if, when distinguished travellers come into your country, they never get out of it, how can the civilized world know anything about you? Answer me that.

Ram. 'Tis well and pleasantly argued—but still you die—but you shall have your choice of many deaths I will propose to you.

Pat. Thank you.

Ram. (Aside.) By Allah, his happiness is unbroken. (Takes a roll of paper from his girdle, puts on a pair of spectacles, and reads.) Number one.—Trampled to death by elephants!

Pat. That would be pleasant enough, I dare say; and one of their thrunks would save the expense of a coffin.

Ram. Number two.—Tied to a wild horse, whose swift career—

Pat. I like that better. I'm fond o' riding; and you could write to my friends to say I had gone off in a galloping consumption!

Ram. Ay; but we have slow poison, too.

Pat. Pooh! Slow poison would never overtake a smart fellow like me.

Ram. Number four.—Flayed alive!

Pat. That's only skin deep.

Ram. Number five.—Blown from the mouth of a gun.

Pat. That'll do. Take down canisther No. 5; there's a peculiarity in that I like. I can hear a good report o' my own death!

Ram. By Allah, he's unshaken! He is the happy

man! Stranger, I honour you. You shall not die, but live in glory.

Pat. I'd rather live in clover, if it's all one to you; but give me your fist, any how. Give me your fist. You are a jolly ould cock, after all.

Ram. I will do this stranger honour. Bring pipes and coffee.

Pat. Pipes and tabakky, you mane.

Ram. Come hither, Astrologer, Moonshee!—

Pat. Is this a she? What a beard she has! I'll lend you the loan of a razor, ma'am, to-morrow.

Ram. You must cast the horoscope of this wondrous man.

Pat. What's a horoscope?

Ski. A mystical instrument, which enables us to see into futurity.

Pat. O, I parseave. Then a horosoope can see farther than a telescope.

Ski. Of course you know the day you were born?

Pat. Of course I do not know the day I was born.

Ski. Not know the day of your birth!

Pat. No; we never care in Ireland when we were born, for, for the matter o' that, when we die either.

Ram. Does no one know in Ireland the day of his birth?

Pat. It would be hard for them; for people in Ireland are sometimes born on two days, ever since the time of St. Patrick, our patron saint, whose nativity was so uncertain that the custom prevails in Ireland to this day. I'll explain it to you.

SONG.

On the eighth day of March it was, some people say,
That St. Patrick, at midnight, he first saw the day;
While others declare 'twas the ninth he was born,
And 'twas all a mistake between midnight and morn;

For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock,
And some blamed the babby, and some blamed the clock;

Till with all their cross questions, sure no one could know,

If the child was too fast, or the clock was too slow.

Now, the first faction fight in ould Ireland, they say,
Was all on account of St. Patrick's birthday;
Some fought for the 8th, for the 9th more would die,
And who wouldn't see right, sure they blackened his eye.

At last both the factions so positive grew,
That each keep a birthday; so Pat then had two;
Till Father Mulcahy, who showed them their sins,
Said no one could have two birthdays but a twins.

Says he, "Boys, don't be fighting for 8 or for 9;
Don't be always dividing, but sometimes combine;
Combine 8 with 9, and 17 is the mark;

So let that be his birthday."—"Amen," said the clerk.

If he wasn't a twins, sure our history this will show,
That at least he's worthy any two saints that we know.

Then they all got blind drunk, which completed their bliss,

And we keep up the practice from that day to this.

Ram. O, happy mau!

Pat. Why, one would think you never saw a happy man before. My principles is this, that as long as a man has a shirt to his back—

Ram. (With excitement.) Ay, the shirt!

Pat. As long as a man has a shirt to his back—

Ram. You seem to know the value of a shirt.

Pat. It's odd if I wouldn't. No man is better provided in that particular.

Ram. He owns, then, to the possession of the treasure. It must be mine. (Aside.) Without there, bring forth the richest robes my court can boast. I will hold a grand investiture of the khil-laut upon this stranger.

Pat. Kill what! Is it goin' to kill me agin you are?

Ram. (Aside to Foxi-Fum.) He seems to know the value of the treasure he possesses. We must tempt him with high reward.

Fox. Good, your highness.

Ram. Bring forth the dresses. (Sumptuous dresses are produced.) Behold, it is our custom to interchange dresses with the guest we mean to honour. Noble stranger, these dresses are for that purpose. Wilt thou exchange robes with Ram Rusti?

Pat. Do you mean am I to give you these things for them things.

Ram. Even so. (Pat bursts out laughing.)

Pat. (Aside.) What does he want with my ould rags, I wonder?

Ram. (Aside to Foxi-Fum.) He laughs at the proffered gift. We must tempt him higher.

Fox. Certainly.

Ram. Stranger, to ratify our friendship, ask any gift you please, demand whatever your heart desires that we can give, and it is thine.

Pat. Well, you said I was to be married. Will you let me choose my wife?

Ram. Certainly.

Pat. Then this is the little darlin I have set my heart upon. (Leads down Ko-Ket.)

Fox. My daughter! The devil!

Pat. No; that's your other daughter. This is your daughter, the angel!

Fox. My daughter! I'll not consent.

Ram. (Aside to Foxi-Fum.) Take the choice of losing your daughter or your head.

Fox. O, I can spare my daughter best!

Ram. Now then, to ratify our contract, your clothes are mine.

Pat. With the greatest pleasure. I wish they were better.

Ram. Your jacket.

Pat. Yis.

Ram. You shall have this caffau for it. And those. (Points to Pat's trousers.)

Pat. Sartiuly.

Ram. Behold the equivalent.

(Handing trousers.)

Pat. (Taking them.) You call this an equivalent. We call 'em tronsers.

Ram. I tremble to ask for the invaluable garment. (To Pat.) Your a—your hat?

Pat. Here it is. I'd recommend your honour to have a little bit added to the leaf of it. 'Twill save your royal nose; for mine is a thrife ornamented, you see!

Ram. This turban, with a diamond of cost, is thine. (They exchange.)

Pat. (Aside.) I think a cargo of caubeens from Ireland would be a good spec to this place.

Ram. Your a—(Aside.) I fear his refusal. (To Pat.) Your a— (Whispers Pat.)

Pat. O, dacinety!

Ram. It must be mine!

Pat. O, you'll excuse me!

Ram. I'll have no excuse!

Pat. Sir, I'll give you anything but that. Don't ask it. I am fastidious on that point.

Ram. It is my greatest need.

Pat. Well, it's not that makes me particular, for I have plenty of them; and you shall have a dozen of my best, as soon as it is conveynient.

Ram. No; that will not do. It must be the one you now wear.

Pat. You'll excuse me, your honour.

Ram. I am positive.

Pat. So am I. I wouldn't give you the shirt that's on me for the world.

Fox. (Aside to Ram Rusti.) He knows its worth. Seize it by force.

Ram. It shall be so.

Pat. Don't imagine I begrudge you the shirt. Linen is too plenty in my counthry to care much about it; but the shirt I wear at present is endeared to my feelings by being the particular one my mother gave me.

Ram. Ha! She was a sorceress!

Pat. No; she was a Mullowny!

Ram. (To Ski-Hi and Foxi-Fum.) What is a Mullowny?

Fox and Ski. I don't know; but seize the shirt.

Ram. It is resolved. Stranger, give up the shirt, or force shall make it mine!

Pat. Is it before the ladies?

Ram. Seize him, guards!

Pat. I'll die before the honour of the cloth shall be tarnished!

(Guards attack him. Pat fights. In the struggle they pull the sleeves out of his jacket, and expose his breast, and discover Pat without a shirt. Ram Rusti rushes upon him, and snatches the bit of frill from Pat.)

Ram. Sorcerer! where is the rest of your shirt?

Pat. At the wash, upon my honour.

Ram. And can so small a shirt make you happy!

Pat. The measure o' happiness does not depend on a yard o' liuen, more or less.

Fox. (To Ram Rusti.) 'Tis a magic garment, and has shrunk to that (points) to evade your highness.

Ram. Well thought. 'Tis mine! (Holds it up in triumph, and presses it to his heart.) I am happy! I am happy!

Pat. Are you? Well, you're aisily plased. A little liuen goes a great way in this counthry, I see!

Ram. You shall be governor of a province. Make all those around you as happy as you have made me—happy as you are yourself.

Pat. By dad, your highness, if I can make others happy, my own happiness is complete. When my merriment is re-echoed by surrounding friends, then, indeed, I feel myself the happiest man in the world!

Disposition of the Characters at the fall of the Curtain.

SULTANA.

ATTENDANTS.

ATTENDANTS.

RUM. FOX. RAM. PAT. KO-K. SKI.

L.

B.

MUSIC.

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